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HURSDAY'S CHILD

E. RENDALL

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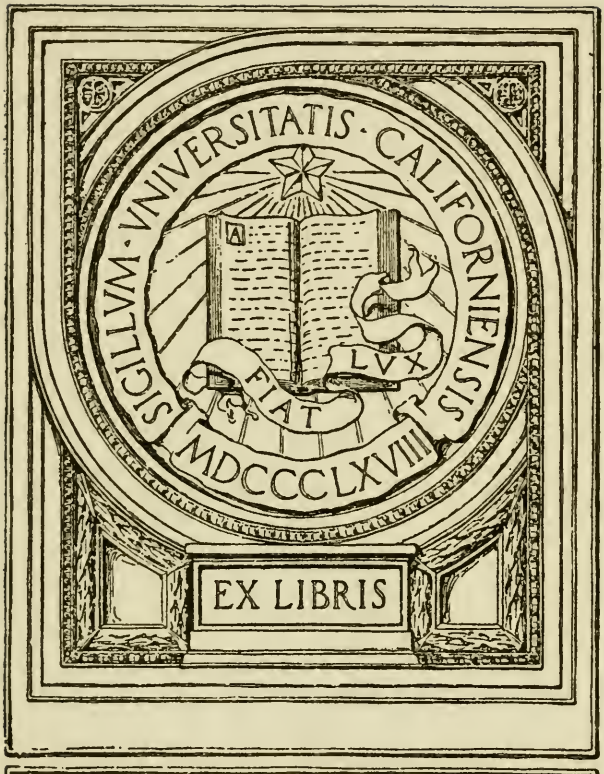
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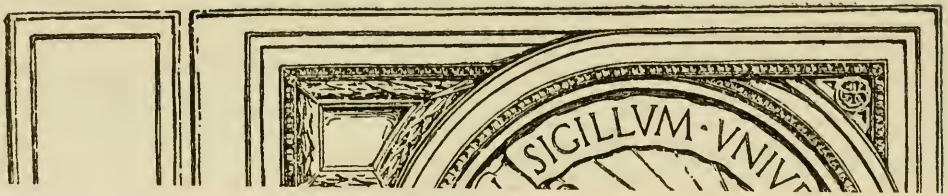
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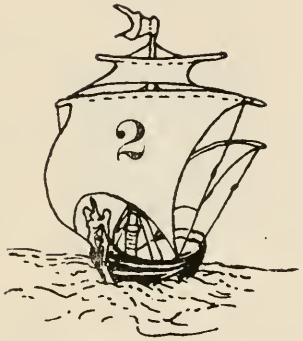

THURSDAY'S CHILD

"To the onlie begetter . . . . . these ensuing . . ."

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FOREWORD.

Came one to me, Lector, and did require that I discover to him the Idea of Poesy. *Auctor*. In my mind, Poesy, 'tis the right Chronicle of the Soul's Adventures, fearlessly undertaken, curiously apprehended, delicately spoken. *Lector*. Hold you to the same in this your Book aforesaid? *Auctor*. Sir, by no means. *Lector*. Take you no shame therefor? *Auctor*. Sir, but little, seeing that these small Songs be made but for mine own Disport and Solace and in Hope to pleasure One other beside and no more. *Lector*. Wherefore, then, shall I read therein? *Auctor*. Sir, an it please you.

E. R.

Thanks are due to the Editors of *The Oxford Magazine, Oxford Poetry 1915, The English Review,* and *The New Age* for permission to reprint a number of the verses included in this volume, and to Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt (A. D. Sedgwick) for graciously allowing the use of the title of her novel, *Franklin Kane*.

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AND OF LAUGHTER THAT WAS A CHANGELING . . . .

All day long I played in an orchard
Alone with a changeling child,
How should I guess that a little blue bonnet
Shaded a glance so wild?

All day long we played in the orchard
With apples russet and red,
All day long the little blue bonnet
Followed wherever I led.

Never, I think, was such mirth in an orchard
As the mirth betwixt us two,
But at dusk when I lifted her, laughing, laughing,
Over the brook—I knew.

AD PERILLAM.

I.

PERILLA, pardon for that—wearied—I
Rebellion did discover,
Forswore our pact that you should be—
Yourself, and I—your lover.

He who, or fool or sage, hath fixed desire
Upon the far moon's shining,
Looks up (who heeds a brief despair,
Perilla,) unrepining.

II.

Why did you lay for death-weights on mine eyes
Kisses so tender and so seeming true,
Shaming my peace with pity, lover-wise
Perilla, at the last? This was not you
To break our pact—no other treason lies
Between us two.

REMEMBERING,

I HAVE forgotten better, better than my dream
Of deep forgetting that I loved at all:
A door being shut, my hands are not extreme
To find that vanished key, nor feel along that wall.
My house, once spacious, is but grown a little small.

I have forgotten better, better than my dream,
And so I might be glad, as glad I seem,
Were I not base-betrayed by one intolerable thing—
I, who forget her eyes, sometimes do recollect a ring,
Perilla's silver, slender, least-considered ring.

FORGETTING.

LAID away in lavender,
So sweet, though so forgotten,
I found a little neckerchief,
A simple thing of cotton.
Dead the child that wore it, dead
My scarce-engendered fancy,
But ere I closed the press again,
I kissed it, Nancy.

A BALLAD OF DOOM.

"LADIES, pretty ladies,
What do you lack?
Ladies, pretty ladies,
Choose from my pack.
All the way to Heaven and all the way to Hell
I went to fetch the fairings I have to sell."

"If you've been to Heaven, if you've been to Hell,
I will pay a pretty price for a thing that you can tell—
How does my true love and how fares the foe
Who slew him on a winter's night, very long ago?"

"I went the road to Heaven—it is a weary way—
I passed the open gate of Hell—you may reach it in a day—
Of all the many folk I saw, how should I know
Which was your true love and which was your foe?"

"My love he is a gallant, blue-eyed and debonair"—
"A thousand thousand such as he you may meet with anywhere"—
"He bears upon his breast the marks of wounds and kisses seven."
"I saw not any man like this in all the courts of Heaven."

"My foe he is a dour man and his hand is bitten through—
A little sign of love I gave for the deed he dared to do"—
"Lady, pretty lady, 'tis other news you lack."
"This fairing only, pedlar, will I have from out your pack."

"O lady, there in Heaven I saw the blessed stand
A-praising God, and one there was who had a bitten hand;
And one among the damned I saw, who know not any rest,
Marks of wounds and kisses seven were burning on his breast."

"Go, go again, good pedlar, and bring me word again
Why he I hate is doomed to bliss and he I love to pain.
Go, cry my name in Heaven, in Hell my name declare,
That I may know before I go what was answered there."

"Lady, pretty lady,
What do you lack?
Lady, pretty lady,
Choose from my pack.
I've been again to Heaven, I've been again to Hell,
Here are news that you may choose from those I have to sell."

"O what said my lover and what said my foe?
Tell me, trusty pedlar, that I may know.
I'll take the road to Heaven or go my way to Hell,
Give me news that I may choose and I will pay you well."

"I cried your name before the damned, and he who
was your friend—
'A curse upon the silly fool who brought me to my
end':
I cried your name before the saints, and he who was
your foe
Caught me with his bitten hand and would not let me
go.

"He held me long in my despite, conjuring me by God
And hope of Heaven, to come again back by the path
I trod
And swear your false-fair lover had been for ever true,
And he your foe was damned in Hell for the deed he
willed to do."

"I'll climb the road to Heaven and kiss the wounded
hand
Of him who is a lover true, and he will understand.
Then will I take my way to Hell, unto my lover-foe—
False or true I love him, and God will let me go."

"Ladies, pretty ladies,
  What do you lack?
Ladies, pretty ladies,
  Choose from my pack.
All the way to Heaven and all the way to Hell
I went to fetch these pretty fairings I have to sell."

REAL ESTATE.

HALF of Heaven in a box
That "very, *very* nearly locks"—
"Moon" pennies, "one, two, three, four, 'leven,"
A watch as soon as she is seven,
And, meanwhile, dandelion clocks.

LONG, long ago at Amersham
  The moon was riding high,
You saw the moon at Amersham
  Not any more than I.

The lady moon of Amersham,
  She still comes sailing by,
If one of us remember her,
  Faith, then, it is not I.

"A little . . . .
Passionately . . . .
Not at all . . . . ?"

I NEVER sought to love you well with service and with song,
But soon I found I'd done myself and you a double wrong—
I loved you very perfectly, but I did not love you long.

And you I loved for ever, but with fever and with fret,
For love was mixed with bitter hate, and rapture with regret.
I think I was more foe than friend, and yet I can't forget.

And you—how do I love you?—I know I am your thrall,
I know with what foreboding I answered to your call;
It may be well, it may be ill—I cannot tell at all.

THE DAY THE KING WENT BY.

AND is to-morrow Friday,
  And shall my Love and I
Go, hand in hand and laughing,
  To see the King come by?

The weeks have fallen strangely
  Since the day the King went by,
So sad a crowd to see him pass,
  Beneath so cold a sky.

I waited at the trysting place,
  The King went lonely by,
For my Love had broken faith with me
  And stayed at home to die.

They tease me with their silly talk,
For who should know but I?
The weeks have lacked their tale of days
Since the day the King went by.

Oh! when will come a Friday,
And at last my Love and I
Go hand in hand and laughing
To see the King come by?

MISÉRICORDE.

WHEN in the fulness of my final need,
Indifferent to the issue, I shall stand
Summoned before the Bar of Love to plead
My miserere at his mercy's hand,

And you, Brave Heart, be come to speak for me
(Preventing, as of old, my need to send)
Say not I loved you—how else should it be—
Tell only that I tried to be your friend.

THE RETURN.

LAST night my virgin spirit sinned—
It fled along the ways of wind
Nakedly I, to seek your breast.
Knowing what chanced, I would not tell.
It crept ere moonrise back to Hell,
A little sobbing and distrest.

HOW may I love thy love to me,
That waited warm and patiently,
In dear disdain of charity,
When I was cold beneath a sea
Of deep insensibility,
Remote from living love of thee
As sense of mine extremity—
How may I love this love to me?

SIMPLE SIMON.

WHEN my Love and I went out to play,
Out to the meadows to play,
I would have brought her a scarlet cap,
But she chose a hood of grey;
I would have taken her little hand,
But she—she seemed never to understand.

I would have spent all the crowns from my purse
To buy her a golden ball,
But she only wanted the thistledown seed
The fairies threw over the wall;
I might sail my kite right into the sky—
She was chasing a little blue butterfly.

When my Love and I at dusk went down,
Down to the river to fish,
I would have caught for her fishes of gold
To be served in a silver dish,
But she only wanted the trembling gleam
Of a little pale star on the darkening stream.

When night came down and the wind was chill,
Bringing my Love within,
I would have loosened her heavy hair
And drawn each silver pin,
But she was wandering afar, afar,
Stretching her hands to the evening star.

They would not leave my Love to her play,
My Love to her happy play,
Those stranger people so wise and old,
They shut my Love away
In a great strong house all full of light,
Where the doors are locked against the night.

I could not gather her pretty star,
So I brought my shining fish,
And the scarlet cap and the golden ball,
And the kite and the silver dish.
"Perhaps she will play with these instead,
With these and my love, at last," I said.

When I was come to my Love again,
Again with my Love to play,
Though the walls were high and the gates were barred,
She wore her hood of grey.
They said she would learn to understand,
But she would not give me her little hand,

She would not notice my shining fish,
Nor play with the golden ball,
The kite and the cap and the silver dish—
For these she cared nothing at all:
Still were her eyes afar, afar,
And she played with a little paper star.

THE PARTY.

JENNIFER had a party,
(Jennifer's seen the sea,
But I've been to the country)
Just only her and me
And not a single grown-up—'cept Nurse to spread the jam—
And not one baby neither, but her monkey and my lamb
And us, came to Jennifer's party.
(Jennifer's only three,
I'm four and I've been to the country—twice—
But Jennifer 's seen the sea).

MIRAGE.

PITIFUL God, be pitiful, send me a dream of sleep,
Take from my lips this cup of life whereof I drink so deep.
God, pitiful and impotent, only a dream of sleep!

Let but mine eyes close dreaming defiance of the day,
Where poppy-petalled flowers of sleep drowse in a void of grey,
And know not life nor any death, and we no more than they.

Grant me the last illusion, that Thou and I be dead,
Lapped in a tranquil nothingness too deep for any dread,
An unimpassioned dream of death—dreaming that we be dead.

ONE READING OF JEANNE D'ARC.

FOR THE LADY ALTIVOLANTA.

Ah, Messire Christ, the long brown fields of Bar,
The meadows where the little lambs I led
Strayed by the pear-tree's drifting—O the far,
Dim, distant hills, the still blue overhead,
Not broken with the flash of burning wings,
Nor made intolerable with music as when Heaven
rings
With all the choirs of angels . . . .

If I might have some small green garden, Lord,
Shut quite about with trees, where I might stay
With quiet heart, nor ever need to pray
Saint Catherine veil her sweetness, nor the bright
San Michel, of his mercy, sheathe the sword
Dazzling—Ah, Lord, Thou knowest, not for me
Such glory now. Only, if it might be,
Some blessed hour when I be whole and clean
Of fear, Monseigneur, may I see
The shadow of Our Lady passing by
Fall softly on the lilies . . . .

TALISMAN.

Ah, have you then not heard—
  Nothing now can affray me,
I trusted my love to a word,
  It did betray me.

HER LOVER TO LAURETTE.

"WHY do you weep, my Lady?
Who dares to cross your will?"

"I weep because a love is dead
I had not meant to kill."

"Alas that he who calls the tune
Should pay the piper's bill!"

FRANKLIN KANE.

SILK I had for you, Madonna—you shook your small dear head—
"Silk I have and silk enough, a store of it," you said.
Content I laid the web away, you lacked some cotton thread.

A cup I filled for you, Madonna, but other hands than mine,
More meet, had given you to know the magic of the vine.
I poured within my empty cup fresh water for the wine.

A song I made for you, Madonna—it was my very best—
But your heart had heard the melody that will not let us rest,
Yet your lips had need of laughter, so I sang it as a jest.

Love I had for you, Madonna, because I looked on you,
But long ago your love was gone to pay its happy due;
Love you had, and love enough, and yet your friends
were few.

My days are sweet, Madonna—sweet to their farthest
end—
You, rich beyond all telling, had need that I should send
Cotton thread and clear clean water and jesting and a
friend.

INSULARITY.

LITTLE American Maisie
  Is as funny as funny can be,
She calls a tomato "tomayto,"
  And says that a Z is a "Zee!"

But little American Maisie
  Thinks it's me that is funny instead,
'Cause I call a tomayto "tomato,"
  And pretend that a Zee is a Zed!

FROM THE FRENCH OF BEAUDELAIRE.

(HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS.)

A DISCORD in the symphony
Celestial, I must sound my hours,
To please the insatiate Irony
Who me mishandles, me devours.

My voice is vixen-shrill for her,
Her poison to my blood has passed,
I am the mirror sinister
Wherein her Fury's face is glassed.

The stripes am I, the bruised back,
The lancet I, and I the pain,
I am the tortured and the rack,
The slayer I, and I the slain.

THE THORN OF RANYS.*

THE wind that blows by the Bridge of Ranys
Is kind, is kind,
For they who cross by the Bridge of Ranys
Leave care behind.

One there came to the Bridge of Ranys,
Grief beside,
Went free and forlorn from the Bridge of Ranys
That Midsummertide.

The wind blows West from the Bridge of Ranys,
Care released,
But the blasted thorn on the Bridge of Ranys
Looks East.

The wind that blows by the Bridge of Ranys
Is kind, is kind,
You may leave, if you dare, by the Thorn of Ranys,
Your care behind.

* Rannce.

LONDON.

LOVER of London I, I too may praise
Her beauty many-facetted, her ways
Of laughter and her unimagined woe.
Her dark, her dawn, her sunshine fugitive, her transient
snow
I know,
And knowing, praise
With heart uplift, attent.

Lover of London I, good cause I show—
Mine is her secret heart, for all I know
Of London and the glamour of her ways
I glimpse, reluctant, on the happy days
When through her dark, her dawn, her sun, her transient snow
I go
Home to my Love, content.

JILTED.

SINCE when—being wise and weary—you took leave
to go,
They hold me broken-hearted for your sake.
Kind souls compassionate, how should they know
Grief that I have no heart to break.

THE BROWN PUP.

MY little brown pup is dead,
My little brown pup is dead.
He was only a very little while ill,
And then when he suddenly lay quite still
They told me that that was being dead.

It was yesterday morning that he died,
And I've cried . . . .
I meant to be brave, like grannie said,
But he was my very own pup and he's dead,
And I want him so, I want him so—
It hurts to be sorry and want him so.

Everyone's been most dreadfully kind,
Nurse keeps begging me not to mind,
And Cook made a big iced cake for my tea,
(I think she thought it might comfort me)
But O my little brown pup is dead,
My little darling brown pup is dead,
And I want him so, I want him so—
It's very hurting to want him so.

ADVENTURERS ALL.

"THE best for me," said Rufus,
"The worst for me," said Rou,
"They're one and the same
By a different name—
Square one, is the answer two?"
Said Ralph to Rufus,
Said Ralph to Rou.

"Joy for me," said Rufus,
"Pain for me," said Rou,
"A diet of either
You'll sup upon neither—
Take each as I've learned to do,"
Said Ralph to Rufus,
Said Ralph to Rou.

"Heaven for me," said Rufus,
"Hell for me," said Rou,
"I am free of them both,
For I love and am loth;
Lies the venture with me or with you?"
Said Ralph to Rufus,
Said Ralph to Rou.

THE WAY OF IT.

YOU were very sad, you said,
Your patient-folded lips had quite forgot their way of smiling;
You were spent, too spent, you said,
To turn your dear defeated head away from death's beguiling;
You were cold, so cold, you said,
The very noon-hour sun hung broad and frozen to your seeming;
You were dead, quite dead, you said,
Contentedly your curving limbs composed to ageless dreaming.

I had a joy so deep would have wakened a smile in
those piteous eyes;
For pillow, a store of love where a tired head might
rest in right pleasant wise;
Of desire, a flame so keen it could blaze to the sullen
sun on high;
For your taking, a spring of life so full, that, tasting,
you could not choose to die.

But not of me you wanted these, you said:
So I live on, and you courageously are dead.

S. GILES' CHURCHYARD.

GRAY, little, crooked headstones—quiet trees—
Peace unperturbable, and shade, and seeded grass,
While up and down to Summertown
The 'buses thunder: people pass.

Gray, little crooked headstones—quiet trees—
And all the while the people come and go
Beside this space of shadows and the mist
Of myriad dandelion clocks ablow.

POISSON D'AVRIL.

ON April Day, on April Day,
There came to me from far away
A letter and a fish,
And somebody—I don't know who—
Wrote in the letter what to do,
And said if I would wish a wish
(And never lose my little fish)
Some evening when the moon was blue
It would come true.

On April Day, on April Day,
All by myself I hid away
My letter and my fish.
I was so secret, no one knew
The funny things I had to do,
Nor what I wished for in my wish.
I haven't lost my little fish,
So if to-night the moon is blue
It will come true.

SIR OZANNA LE CURE HARDY LOQUITUR.

(Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, being girt for battle, forethinketh him of his good ending.)

"GOD I have forgot
These many years, God wot,

Yet ever I kept tryst
With the little Lord Christ,

So, dying, I shall see
If He remember me."

SONG FOR OLIVIA.

SWEET is the breath of a rose new blown,
Sweet is the scent of the hay new mown,
And sweet, O sweet is a hope new grown,
But love is sweeter, yea, sweeter far.

Fleeting in sooth is the bloom of flowers,
Fleet is the falling of summer showers,
And fleet, O fleet go life's sunny hours,
But love is fleeter, yea, fleeter far.

MORTMAIN

Now you are dead, Carine,
And folded far from all the hurt I did you,
Safely dead of loving me,
May I be free
And all my own again, Carine,
Lover of mine, Carine?

Now you are gone from me,
From me—your love and torment—passionate Carine;
The little lovely body (that, because I praised
You could not think held naught of magic for the praiser)
Laid away to sleep, Carine,
Careless of love and loving, dead Carine—
Now you are gone from me
May I be free?

It was so little that I had for you, Carine—
A nothing, so you held it—only truth
And pity infinite and sad and impotent, Carine,
That wrung my heart and burdened me
With pain for you so loving, and for me
Unloving and enslaved, Carine—
Only my pity and the changeless truth of me.

Now you are dead, O may I not be free
Of sorrow for your sorrow, sad Carine?
Now you are comforted of kindly Death,
Who loves and pities not—
Gone far from me—
Be, for my grieving's sake, compassionate, Carine,
As never were you living,
Set me free:
Let me not so remember, O be good to me,
Unpassionate, uncaring—ruthless still—Carine,
Be at the last a little kind to me
And set me free.

CHINESE LANTERNS.

SEVEN Chinese lanterns hanging in a line,
Blue for Betty, red for Hugh, and the pinky one was mine,
Michael bought a yellow and a orange one for Bee,
(She'd locked her money-box too tight and couldn't find the key)
A white wee one for Baby, and the prettiest one we had,—
The one with spots—was Roger's, 'cause his toothache made him sad.

Seven Chinese lanterns hanging in a line,
But they didn't twinkle *very* much, 'cause the moon *would* shine and shine,
And Roger cried for sorriness, though Roger's nearly nine.

ET EGO IN ARCADIA.

WHY urge reminder of a thing I know,
Since I have certain proof that it was so?

This little heap of ash, how came it here
Unless a flame first kindled yester year?

These yellowing petals had not been at all
Were roses never white upon my wall.

This patch of scar, how should it show to-day
Had not my heart took hurt in some affray?—

Proof I did love: the tale you tell is true—
Only I had forgotten it was you.

PLAYMATES.

WIND and water,
Fire and sword,
These be playthings
For my Lord.
Peace unmeasured,
War and noise,
Snow and sunshine
Are His toys:
Life and death
And land and sea—
Nay, He even
Plays with me.

THE WIND.

WHY does the wind so want to be
Here in my little room with me?
He's all the world to blow about,
But just because I keep him out
He cannot be a moment still,
But frets upon my window sill,
And sometimes brings a noisy rain
To help him batter at the pane.

Upon my door he comes to knock.
He rattles, rattles at the lock
And lifts the latch and stirs the key—
Then waits a moment breathlessly,
And soon, more fiercely than before,
He shakes my little trembling door,
And though "Come in, come in!" I say,
He neither comes nor goes away.

Barefoot across the chilly floor
I run and open wide the door;
He rushes in and back again
He goes to batter door and pane,
Pleased to have blown my candle out.
He's all the world to blow about,
Why does he want so much to be
Here in my little room with me?

FOR A HEARTHSTONE.

THIS my House so guarded be
From Malice and Perplexity,
That none shall ever go from me
Who savours not, in Memory,
How all the Chambers perfumed be
With Herb o' Grace, Tranquility.

OF ROSES.

GOD made a myriad roses of delight—
Frail-petalled, white—
Whose beauty is the beauty of the night,
Fled when the sun uprises in his might.
God made a myriad roses of delight.

But for Himself a rose of joy He made,
And, half afraid,
Looked on a radiant heart no sun could fade,
Nor could its flaming faint in any shade.
His Own a single rose of joy God made.

And all sweet roses of delight He gave
To hearts that crave
Love's loveliness, but are too weak to brave
Its splendour, quite unshadowed by the grave.
Freely the roses of delight God gave,

But kept His rose of joy inviolate
In secret state,
Thinking no lover lived with faith so great
To dare love's permanence, nor fear abate.
God kept His rose of joy inviolate.

But putting by all roses of delight—
Frail-petalled, white—
There cried a lover, challenging the night,
"Give me the rose of joy that is my right,"
And set it on his heart in God's despite.

TRIOLET.

YOU brought me the moon
When I wanted the sun.
For its commonplace noon
You brought me the moon—
A more exquisite boon,
Yes,—but was it well done
To bring me the moon
When I wanted the sun?

MON AMI PIERROT.

PIERROT, Pierrot,
He laughs and sings,
Thrumming the strings
Of a gay guitar,
While near and far
The folk run out
In a merry rout
Whenever he sings,
Laughs and sings—
Sings of the things
He has dreamed of never—
The maddest, merriest songs you ever
Did know.
O brave Pierrot—
Patched and painted and proud—Pierrot.

II.

Pierrot, Pierrot,
He dreams and sings,
Touching the strings
Of a low-tuned lute,
Worn all but mute,
While nobody knows,
Not even the Rose
For whom he sings,
Dreams and sings—
Sings of the things
He will never discover—
The sweetest, secretest songs a lover
Could know.
O wise Pierrot—
Patched and painted and proud—Pierrot.

I MADE my chamber sweet with flowers,
Upon my hearth-stone did there burn
Warm fires of love that all my hours
I kept against your dear return.

But late it was, ah Love, too late
Before you came to seek your place,
My hearth yawns dark and desolate,
My flowers are withered of their grace.

Impatient of your dear remorse
My free false spirit yearns to you.
O scorn for me that craven corse
That had not courage to be true.

" . . . and at evening my wife died."

THEY tell me she is dead—it may be so,
Some day my heart may wake again and know
Its perfect desolation—but I have no sign;
This quiet lying of her hand in mine,
I think it is for ever.

ÆS TRIPLEX.

"WINTER and Summer must soon begin,
What shall we dress our baby in?
What shall we dress her in, darling, say,
That will do for work and will do for play,
For Sundays and Mondays and every day.
What shall we dress her in, darling, say?"

"Winter and Summer must soon begin,
What shall we dress our baby in?
Softest silk for her tender skin,
Whitest linen all smooth and thin,
And a little striped jacket to button her in."

"Where shall we find silk soft as this?"
"We spun it together when we did kiss."
"Where is there linen that's half so fine?"
"Of tears have we woven it, yours and mine."
"And the little striped jacket?" "Out of our fear
"Our laughter has fashioned it, O my dear."

THURSDAY'S CHILD HAS FAR TO GO.

FROM lands how far, by ways how strange, how sweet,
The wise unhasting years have led me to your feet.
Indifferent, unexpectant, scarce unsatisfied—
They, in their patient prescience, drew me to your side.
So long the homeward way! Now, never to depart,
The years' fulfilment finds me gathered to your heart.

SI-CHUANESE FOLK SONGS.

NOTE.—The verses included in the following section are, in no single instance, a translation from the Chinese, but are original attempts to reproduce something of the atmosphere of the country in which the first sixteen years of the author's life were passed.

VILLAGE SONG.

LITTLE son, little son, run swiftly!
Bring the buffaloes home to the stall,
Heed not the frogs in the marsh-lands croaking,
For the shadows grow long on the temple wall.

Little son, little son, run swiftly!
Night will be drawing her curtain soon.
Run, lest the magical foxes stay thee,
Where they whisper and wait for the rising moon.
Run, little son!

I PULLED the blossoms from the bough
To make thee fair;
They died before the night, and now
My tree stands bare.

The time of oranges will bring
My tears again,
I gave the promises of Spring
In vain.

HYMN TO AMITABHA.

(Called by the Chinese, O-mi-t'o-fuh.)

LIKE beads upon a silken string,
Till seven days have ceased to be,
The jewels of Thy sacred Name
I thread upon my thought of Thee,
Buddha of Boundless Light.

Toward the Western Paradise,
Across the many-fathomed sea,
Beyond the narrow doors of death
I lift Thy Name in thought of Thee,
Buddha of Boundless Night!

IDYLL.

1st Brother. "Come hither, O brother! Why wanderest thou thus forth alone, when the sun is at his highest noon, and the fierce frail poppies in the opium lands languish, drooping their petals, white and scarlet and blue, beneath his bold burning? Lo! 'tis the noon hour of sleep, and neither man nor beast nor bird, save only thou, but leaving toil or pleasure, lies at rest in the shade, even as I."

2nd Brother. "Nay, brother, tempt me not, for I go to watch lest the buffaloes stray from the grazing ground, and the big wrinkled bulls, broad-horned and blunt-headed, love ever to wander; and I fear me, when sunset comes and the women leave washing at the village pool and call to us, setting rice in the bowls, we be afar, weary with tracking the herd."

1st Brother. "What words are these, brother? Drowse not the herd content in the paddy fields, sunk shoulder high in the ooze, and think not at all of straying? Soon will we drive them again to

pasture, but 'tis now the noon-hour of sleeping for them and for thee. Come hither, for I lie where the shade of the pomegranate boughs meets the dusk of the temple wall."

2nd Brother. "Nay, little brother, I come not; for though the herd be indeed resting secure, yet must I forth to tread the water wheels, that neither the lower fields may be flooded, nor the upper reaches be left dry."

1st Brother. "O false one, why playest thou with words? Went not our father forth ere sunrise, his two brothers being with him, to set in order the sluice gates, and tread the wheels, each in his turn? Make no delay but come quickly, for here falls a little stream from the rock murmuring sweetly, and pleasant sleep sits upon the lids of mine eyes."

2nd Brother. "Sleep thou, brother, and sweet be thy rest, but to the hills go I to gather the wild azalea blooms; to the sugar fields to cut me fresh stems, juicy and red; to the orange groves where haply the first young fruit glows golden, that I may bring them to rejoice the heart of that maiden who is herself the Blossom of Desire."

1st Brother. "Oho, brother, now comes forth truth from thy false words. And in sooth sun madness hath smitten thee. For who but a man wit-forsaken will go to seek oranges ere the day of their harvest be come? And if gifts thou desirest, lies not a pile of canes, new cut, here at my feet, and above my head flame the pomegranate flowers, and through the cracks in the wall springs the delicate cyclamen, fair beyond telling. But of the maiden, brother, think not again, for the day draws nigh when thy appointed bride shall be brought with noise of drums and cymbals to our father's threshold, while she, on whom in folly thy love is set, shall go weeping in her bride-chair to her husband's door. Seek not forbidden fruit, brother, lest it prove full sour in the eating, but come hither and forget desire in sleep."

2nd Brother. "Wise art thou, little brother, beyond thy years, yet are thy words to me but idle, for 'tis now seven days and the high sun is darkened and for me shines not, but all is black darkness and night. For in the hour of his departing, behold!—a cry, and the spirit of the maiden went forth alone from her father's house into the

Shadow, and from mine eyes sleep and gladness have passed for evermore. Wherefore go I wandering up and down, having no rest but in seeking* gifts that her spirit may rejoice a little in the land of the dead."

1st Brother. "O brother, years not many have I, and the love of a maiden is to me a thing unknown, yet have I wit to know that that that is, is, and the wise man is he who seeketh not to change the will of the unchanging gods. But when day dies will we go, bearing gifts,—rice and bean curd and aniseed balls sweet to the taste,—and set incense in the home of the dead, that thy soul may be the more at ease. But now, brother, since song is sweet and grief uttered lighteneth the heart, come sit awhile and make now lament for the maiden departed, and I will hearken thy words."

2nd Brother. "Lo, the song of the maiden dead, whom men for the sweetness that was in her lips called the Jasmine Flower. Very fair was she as the

* In China it is customary to lay offerings of food, etc., and to burn paper models of houses, horses, men, gold, silver, etc., on the graves of the dead, that the spirits may thus through "filial piety" be provided with money, servants and all that they require.

Spring at its awakening, and as the first cherry blossom, and her hair, smooth braided in comely wise with thread of scarlet and a silver pin, was dark as the curtain of night."

"O shameless sun that smote her low, shine never for me;
O stream that could not slake her thirst, go cursed to the sea.
(The Jasmine Flower is faded, is faded and is dead.)

"Within the courts they wail for thee, dead in a summer's day.
The rose the morning sun hath kissed at eve has passed away.
(The Jasmine Flower is faded, is faded and is dead.)

"The breath of lilies on thy lips, the sunshine in thine eyes,
The dew of darkness on thy hair—gone, as the daylight dies.
(The Jasmine Flower is faded, is faded and is dead.)

"Yet art thou fair: so fair, I fear. They of the Silent Land,
Will they not love thee? Heed them not, though suppliant they stand.
(The Jasmine Flower is faded, is faded and is dead.)

"Let not the treasures of the dead heaped through the sliding years
Entice thy heart; above their songs hear thou my falling tears.
(The Jasmine Flower is faded, is faded and is dead.)

"A thousand days I will hold back my soul from my desire,
That gifts and riches may be thine upwafted from the fire.
(The Jasmine Flower is faded, is faded and is dead.)

"But when those bitter days are done, swift will I come to thee.
Till then, Beloved of my life, wait and remember me
(The Jasmine Flower is faded, is faded and is dead.)'

LIEN-MEI.

(Romanized Version.)

CHAE-SHÏ-KO hsiao mei-mei o ngai,
T'a puh k'uh,
Ta chih, fei lih, ch'uh han, t'a puh k'uh—
O hsiang t'a ch'a-puh-to wong-chih-liao puh—
Ch'ang-shang, ch'ang-shang, ch'ang-shang t'a puh k'uh,
Chae-shï-ko hsiao mei-mei o ngai,
T'a puh k'uh,
Chae-skï-ko hsiao mei-mei o ngai.

(Literal Translation.)

LITTLE FLOWER.

THIS little maiden I love,
She does not cry.
She suffers, toils, eats bitterness, but she does not cry—
I think she has almost forgotten how—
Never, never, never does she cry,
This little maiden I love,
She does not cry,
This little maiden I love.

NOTE.—All consonants, unless marked ' are voiced.

NOON SONG.

THE chattering magpie on the tree
Is drowsily at rest,
The lotus-flower hath sunk to sleep
Upon the dark pool's breast,
The dragon-fly upon the wing
Has stayed awhile to hear me sing,
Sleep, little Blossom of my Heart,
My baby, sleep.

The cries are quiet in the street,
The sunny air is still,
All living things are hushed to rest,
Save only, on the hill
With weary feet the pilgrims climb.
It is the pleasant slumber time.
Sleep, little Blossom of my Heart.
My baby, sleep.

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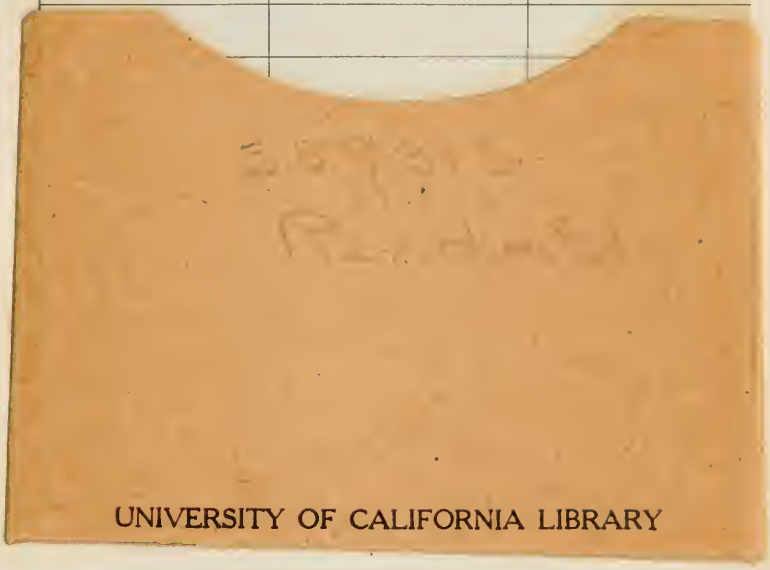

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